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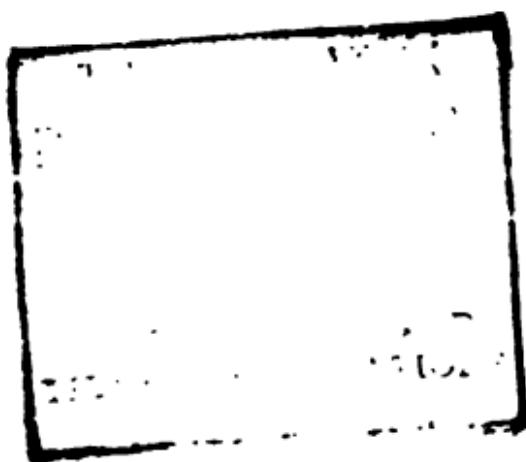














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BY

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*tr.*



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— 1 —

Dies Irae . . . . .  
*Thomas of Celano*  
Walter Scott, tr.

Dies Irae . . . . .  
*Thomas of Celano*  
D. T. Morgan, tr.

Dies Irae . . . . .  
*Thomas of Celano*  
Franklin Johnson, tr.

Stabat Mater Speciosa . . . . .  
John Mason Neale, tr.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa . . . . .  
Erastus C. Benedict, tr.

Puer Natus in Bethlehem . . . . .  
Elizabeth R. Charles, tr.

## INTRODUCTION

TRUE mystics were the poets of the church throughout its early centuries and the Middle Ages,—the leaders of what Professor Müller calls Mystic Christianity. In these monks and priests were combined such splendor of vision and such childlike simplicity of imagination.

and in which they believed. This may be the essentially impersonal element even in the later, emotional poetry of "The Jubilee Rhythm." Bernard of Clairvaux gives an example. Even in the personal element is quite absent in the description of his visions.

— — —  
uiindividual moods, such as color  
some modern devotional verse  
and make religion appear a  
salve for the disappointed  
rather than an inspiration for  
the hero. The thoughts of  
the mediæval hymn-writers  
were fixed on the facts of their  
belief and on the theories of  
their theology, and life itself  
was in those days

gling piteously  
ism and feeling  
ly and falter-  
e paths of gov-  
In society are  
stoms that once



position, and those customs which tended to pride in calling and to fellowship among craftsmen have vanished with the distinguishing costumes and the distinctive pageants. In America the debt to the Middle Ages is hardly to be traced even in such survivals as England and the continent may show: and were it not

antique world was broken, and as the final and fearful stage of its decadence. The period had something of this quality, as it held within its turbulent life something of every quality, of every time. With nations only in the making, the Middle Ages partake of the characteristics of all the peoples who

French, or Spanish, or Italian, but simply mediæval; and the monasteries, whence came the Latin hymns, whether of St. Victor, or Cluny, or Monte Oliveto, have their abiding-places marked rather by name than by map.

On the decline of the classical Latin there arose a popular

literary curios. As it was church alone, despite its fault that conserved and spread learning in those dark ages that held the only ideal toward which the high minded might strive, and thus served as the one unifying force amid the distracted and unrelated peoples; so at first were the religious uniting .

tin of Virgil that was  
is spread among the people,  
d in which they learned the  
ctrines and the aspirations  
their religion. The Latin  
Fortunatus, of Notker, of  
homas Aquinas, has been  
eemed by some but a dimin-  
hed tongue. On the other  
and, it may well be held that

- - - - - composed by

peninsula came into its Assuredly this was not poetry of a decline; it rather that of a new birth bore within its unaccusto measures the fire of yo the enthusiasm of a mig faith, the ardor of a splen cause.

## Not until the publication

Dr. E

— 118 —

many translators have done scholarly work in bringing all that is finest in these hymns and sequences within the reach of the English reader. A few of these renderings find their way into hymn-books, but many of them are not fitted, or must be abridged, for congregational use. With a few ex-

from which these were taken for church use and still found in the Roman Breviary. Bernard of Clairvaux's "Hora novissima" is a continuation of his long poem on the horrors of his times, entitled "De contemptu mundi."

Devotional poetry, from the fourth to the ninth century, was for the most part on

the beginnings of this form, and closing with an invocation to the Trinity. These concluding invocations, though varying in the different monasteries, are practically the same and are added to any hymn. The Ambrosian hymns are rugged and direct. They show the influence of the Greek philosophers upon the minds of the Fathers of the early centuries and share neither the doctrinal nor the sentimental tendencies of the later hymns. The interests of the leaders of the Church in those formative days were keenly intellectual, and the

**of the Church.**

Hilary's morning hymn is one of the earliest that survived, and words to these were doubtless by the Christians who describes as gathering at daybreak to sing hymns to their God. The very great Pope Gregory the Great, writing

garments, a custom to which  
harks back the dress of the  
little girls, decked in veil and  
coronal, whom we meet now  
and then in the springtime  
upon our streets. “Æterne  
erum Conditor” and “Splen-  
or Paternæ gloriæ” are men-  
tioned by Augustine as the  
work of Ambrose, and the  
second is “

prose known as the *Notkerli*.  
Notker, a monk of St. Gall, was the first to bring  
into use. He is the author of many and beautiful  
but the “Cantemus canticum” is the only one known  
to English readers, unless it be the “Canticum Nostri  
Iesu Christi” which was the author of the most  
beautiful prose of all,

written in manuscript.

..... ~~and~~ the words, uttered by mourners during hundreds of years, “ In the midst of life we are in death.”

The prose of Theodulph, “Gloria, laus et honor,” a processional for Palm Sunday, has one stanza, now omitted, that was used in all simplicity until the seventeenth century. It is put into quaint English

isian Breviary, also  
the work was ably do  
of the ancient hymns  
jected and their pla  
filled with stanzas by  
tors. The translati  
chosen have been main  
from the older Lati  
Dr. Copeland's fine r  
of Gregory's hymn fo

seventeenth century used in the services for the priests and for the of bishops. This ever lost its rank lately and solemn dedications, and ions. Though it sh certainty be period earlier than

other walls, to those  
which were to add grace  
to the ceremonies of the church.  
The “Veni Sancte Spiritus”  
the Golden Sequence,  
other hymn of which  
would wish to know the author and to thank him.  
perfect a prayer to the God of the fatherless when  
to-day, at Whitsunday,

..... or all the translations of this mediæval poetry, the rendering of the “*Hora novissima*” by Dr. Neale carries into a foreign language the most of the energy and the music of the original words, a result curious in that Dr. Neale, entirely disregards the dactylic hexameter of *Ror*

penned in the darkness of twelfth century. It breathes at once the spirit of Hebrew shepherd and the beauty-loving Greek the Beloved Disciple and of the Heroes of Asgard.

Most difficult is it to choose between the renderings of “Dies Iræ,” and the better ones cannot give the me-

better than does  
er rendering the rush  
orce of the original  
ave helped to make  
most popularly known  
he mediæval hymns. It  
ings forth its startling  
ns upon each All Souls'  
nd in the Roman order  
e burial of the dead.  
ms tells of the scene

titude like a sentence.  
It is a picturesque  
that these terrible  
the Day of Judgment  
have been written by  
of Celano, the friar  
ographer of the ge  
cis of Assisi. Si  
hymn, the “Cantic  
Creatures,” is not  
but is of the very best.

ggeratic  
orced u  
owers.

The I  
authors  
Matters



and human sense of despair. The dramatic quality, of the "Stabat Mater" did cause its use by the inhabitants in those ghastly times, through the towns by another fear, that of destruction of a lost world added to the terrors of death, an ignorant and hopeless

the simple piety  
ness that mark the  
he Latin religious  
it has seemed ex-  
) include them for  
i their spirit, at once  
, so joyous, and so  
That these lines  
work of one of the  
Roman priests of  
's reign is a tradition

written by burdened  
or humble monk,  
bishop, these scattered  
have that without  
literature must be lost.  
ing. In rude and  
disheartened days  
with unfaltering as  
noble ideal, to realize  
the beautiful in th

## **INS OF THE MIDDLE AGES**



*L* *U* *S* *A* *M* *M* *E* *—* *—* *—*

## **LARGITUR SPLENDIDE**

ounteous Giver of the light,  
glorious, in whose light serene,  
the night has pass'd away,  
' pours back her sunny sheen,  
  
the world's true Morning Star,  
at which on the edge of night,  
ald of a little orb,  
with a dim and narrow light;

That in the needs of common time  
In converse with our fellow men,  
We may be free from every crime.

Be every evil lust repell'd  
By guard of inward purity,  
That the pure body evermore  
The Spirit's holy shrine may be.

These are our votive offerings,  
This hope inspires us as we pray,  
That this our holy matin light  
May guide us through the busy day

## AD COENAM AGNI PROVIDI

**A**t this high feast the Lamb hath made,  
In shining robes of white arrayed,  
The passage of the Red Sea o'er,  
To Christ our Prince we sing once more,

Whose sacred body was for us  
Broken on the altar of the Cross:  
And tasting of His roseate blood  
We live forevermore in God;

Saved on this wondrous Paschal night  
From the destroying angel's might:  
And rescued, a rejoicing prey,  
From ruthless Pharaoh's tyrant sway.

For Christ, the Lamb without a stain,  
To be our Sacrifice is slain;  
And Very Truth's unleavened bread,  
His flesh, is our oblation made.

From hell's abyss hath vic  
Abased in chains the tyra  
The gates of Paradise unf

All glory, gracious Lord!  
Who rose from death triu  
The Father and the Holy (   
Long as eternity shall las!

*Fou  
John I*

DREAMER of the earth and sky,  
Ruler of the day and night,  
With a glad variety,  
Tempering all, and making light;

Beams upon our dark path flinging,  
Cutting short each night begun,  
Look! for chanticleer is singing,  
Lark! he chides the lingering sun.

I the morning star replies,  
And lets loose the imprison'd day;

**Chide the slumberers as  
And arrest the sin-o'er**

**Hope and health are in law,  
To the fearful and the bold  
Murder sheathes his blade,  
Faith revives when fai-**

**Jesu, Master! when we sin,  
Turn on us Thy healing love,  
It will melt the offence away,  
Into penitential grace:**

*John Henry Newman, tr.*

*The morning annutes all to*  
**T**he heavens resound  
high,  
The earth's exulting songs re~~p~~  
Hell wails a great and bitter.  
  
For He, the strong and rightf  
Death's heavy fetters severing  
Treads 'neath His feet the anc  
Redeems a wretched race fro~~r~~  
  
Vainly with rocks His tomb th  
While Roman guards kept wat

The shining angels, as they speed,  
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

The sad apostles mourn'd their loss,  
They mused upon the shameful Cross,  
They mourn'd their Master basely slain,  
They knew not He must rise again.

The women came to embalm the dead ;  
To them the angel gently said,  
With gracious words, "In Galilee  
Your risen Lord ye now may see."

Then hastening on their eager way,  
The blessed tidings swift to say,  
At once their living Lord they meet,  
And stoop to kiss His sacred feet.

When the bereaved disciples heard,  
Their hearts with speechless joy were  
stirr'd;  
They also haste to Galilee,  
Their Lord's adoréd face to see.

His pierced n<sup>o</sup>us w<sup>o</sup> w<sup>o</sup>  
Where Love's divinest rad  
They with the angel's mes  
Proclaim, "The Lord is ri

Oh Christ, our King comp<sup>o</sup>  
Our hearts possess; on Th  
That we may render prais  
To Thee the endless ages

*Fou,  
Elizabeth*

His light essential ray,  
of splendour, Light of light,  
that dost illume the day;  
with unsullied beam,  
truth, descending stream  
on our clouded sense  
by Spirit's influence.

Thee too we implore;  
to, of almighty grace;  
of eternal power;  
of sin from us efface.

---

**Freely let us drink and eat  
And our gladden'd souls i  
With the Spirit's healthf**

**Joy be ours the passing o  
Pureness like the morn  
Faith as clear as noontid  
May the mind no twili  
Welcoming the dawning  
Thus we pray a holier lig  
From the eternal Founta  
On our waken'd souls ma**

ooms of night ! ye clouds and shade !  
'er earth in dim confusion spread !  
it is here ! behold the dawn !  
ometh ; haste ye and begone !

dusky veil is rent away,  
by the sparkling beams of day ;  
lues o'er nature's face return,  
by the quickening glance of morn.

t ! to Thee, our only Sun,  
ure and simple hearts we turn ;

With Father and with H  
Long as eternity shall la

*Prudentius*

*John D.*

At length is heard,  
its morning torch is lit,  
and small and still  
christ's accents thrill  
the heart, rekindling it.

'ay, He cries,  
th languid eyes,  
kly slumbers profitless!  
n at hand,  
watchers stand,  
and truth, and holiness.

The fetters break,  
Jesu ! which night has forged  
Yea, melt the night  
To sinless light,  
Till all is bright and glorious.

To Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One,  
To the most Holy Trinity,  
All praise be given  
In earth and heaven,  
Now, as of old, and endlessly.

Jesus is gleaming in the sky,  
whom all flesh was made,  
flesh is there displayed.

1 eyes of pity here;  
pierce Him with a spear;  
r sins flows out a tide  
water from His side.

ed what was of old  
uthful verse foretold:  
h Cross, as from a thrcne,  
e alma God's Son looks down.

Than precious oils more ex  
Proud of the Fruit which t  
Thou dost a look of triump

Hail! sacred altar; Victim  
We celebrate the wondrous  
How life by death was ove  
And life for all men sprang

Hail! blessed Cross to whic  
For refuge in our agony;  
In pious souls, add grace t  
In ouiltv. all their ouilt eff

with glory more than woe  
, and the triumph,  
e to all below,  
the world's Redeemer  
nd bound His foe.

oity for the ruin  
made father's fall,  
l fruit he tasted,  
thful staking all,  
it the tree of Calvary,  
to match withal.

ered  
wiles.

,

frame  
or  
me.

ig,

'd ;



Fainting, lo! the gall He tasteth;  
See the thorns, the nails, the spear,  
From His ebbing life are drawing  
Crimson blood and water clear!  
Fit for cleansing souls, and cleansing  
Earth, and sea, and starry sphere.

Faithful Cross of Christ, we hail thee;  
Of all trees on earth most fair;  
None in all the forest yieldeth  
Leaf, or flower, or fruit so rare.  
Sweetest wood, yea, sweetest iron!  
Sweetest burden, fit to bear.

ree of awful beauty, bend thee,  
Bend; thy stubborn branches bring  
'tly round the form thou bearest;  
Yer His head thy shadow fling;  
tly in thine arms uphold Him,  
r of glory He is King.

hy thou to bear the ransom  
a shipwreck'd world art found,

Judge of all! when thou  
Throned in awful maje  
When aloft Thy Cross es  
Beams amid the Milky  
O be Thou, Thyself, our  
And the dawn of end

Glory, glory, everlasting  
To the blessed Trinity  
Praise to Thee, Eternal  
Praise, Eternal Son, t  
Praise to Thee, Eternal  
Three in One, and On

Father of might, enthron'd in light,  
Thee with o'erflowing lips we pray,  
Oh, quench the fire of low desire,  
Each deed of ill drive far away.

Be chaste and pure, from fall secure  
The fabric of our mortal frame,  
Nor kindling lust make this frail dust  
Meet fuel for a fiercer flame.

Saviour of all, on Thee we call,  
Oh, wash away our deep disgrace,  
And thus Thine own, all-bounteous, crown  
With never-ending life and peace.

This, Father, grant to our sore want,  
And Thou, alone-coequal Son,  
And Spirit blest, with both confess,  
Who reign'st Eternal Three in One.

*Gregory the Great, sixth century.*

*William J. Copeland, tr.*

—

When from the grave, uprise  
Our Maker and Redeemer

From every eye let slumber  
Let all before the dawn a  
And seek by night th' Etern:  
As bids the prophet, timel

So may He hear our matins  
And His right hand stretch  
And cleans'd from stain of  
Restore us to the heaven ]

Father of might, enthron'd in light,  
Thee with o'erflowing lips we pray,  
Oh, quench the fire of low desire,  
Each deed of ill drive far away.

Be chaste and pure, from fall secure  
The fabric of our mortal frame,  
Nor kindling lust make this frail dust  
Meet fuel for a fiercer flame.

Saviour of all, on Thee we call,  
Oh, wash away our deep disgrace,  
And thus Thine own, all-bounteous, crow  
With never-ending life and peace.

This, Father, grant to our sore want,  
And Thou, alone-coequal Son,  
And Spirit blest, with both confess,  
Who reign'st Eternal Three in One.

*Gregory the Great, sixth century*

*William J. Copeland, tr.*

Thou whose countless throngs  
    joy thy street, of gold:  
Graven on thee new and gloriou  
    own name behold!

Many are thy sons, O Mother, :  
    shining band!

Gentle peace in all thy borders  
    O happy land!

Perfect is thy restoration, brig  
    stand.

Here, a figure of the heavenly, :

11.

servants, though unworthy, temples of  
race to be;  
; in flesh or spirit prove disloyal unto  
cated service praise Thy name ador-

oyal Priest, Thine altar here hence-  
; a throne of light,  
n highest honour, and with many a  
ade bright,

' - -

Trinity,  
Highest honour, power unmea-  
glory be:  
God forever and forever, Thre  
in Three.

*From the Spanish Brevia*

*John Ellerto*

**Christ the Redeemer:**

Iren before whose steps raised their  
hosannas of praise.

γ, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,  
Christ the Redeemer!

Ι's Monarch art Thou, and the glorious of  
spring of David,  
that approachest a King, blessed in the  
name of the Lord.

γ, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,  
Christ the Redeemer!

π το Θεο in the highest the heavenly

**we with our prayers and our hymns  
presence approach.**

**Glory, and honour, and laud be to T  
Christ the Redeemer!**

**They to Thee proffered their praise :  
herald Thy dolorous Passion;  
We to the King on His throne utter  
hymn.**

**Glory, and honour, and laud be to Th  
Christ the Redeemer!**

**They were then pleasing to Thee, un**

*Glory,光荣。*

**the Redeemer!**

On o'er the world be to us for our  
    ches of palm tree:  
Conqueror's joy this to Thee still be  
    ong:  
    d honour, and laud be to Thee, King,  
ist the Redeemer,  
    before whose steps raised their  
    innas of praise.

*Theodulph, ninth centur*

*John Mason Neale, tr.*

-----  
And Thy celestial grace ext  
To fill the hearts which Th

Who Paraclete art said to b  
Gift which the highest Ge  
Fountain of life, fire, charity  
Ointment, whence ghostly

Thy sevenfold grace Thou do  
Of God's right hand Thou :  
Thou, by the Father promised  
Unto our mouths dost spee

easéd to instruct our .....

know the Father and the Son ;

Spirit who them both doth bind

et us believe while ages run.

God the Father glory great,  
And to the Son, who from the dead  
ose, and to the Paraclete,  
Beyond all time imaginéd.

*Tenth century.*

*Drummond of Hawthornden, tr*

U The world's foundatio  
Come visit every pious min  
Come pour Thy joys on hun  
From sin and sorrow set u  
And make Thy temples wor

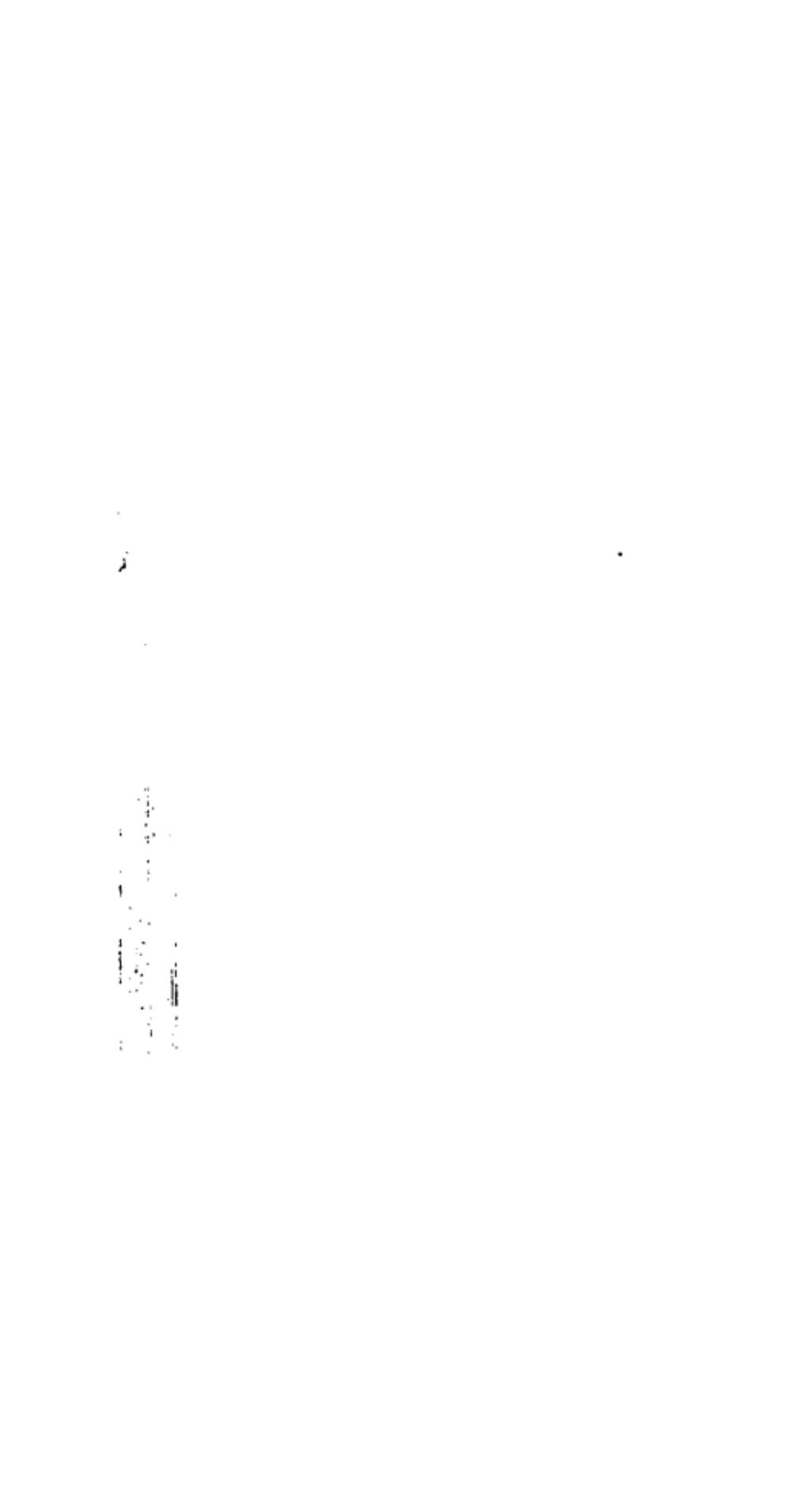
O Source of uncreated light  
The Father's promised Para  
Thrice holy fount, thrice ho  
Our hearts with heavenly lc  
Come, and Thy sacred uncti  
To sanctify us, while we sir

..... and we will .....

ties help, our vice control,  
he senses to the soul;  
in rebellious they are grown,  
Thy hand, and hold them down.

om our minds the infernal foe,  
ce, the fruit of love, bestow;  
our feet should step astray,  
and guide us in the way.

eternal truths receive,  
ctise all that we believe:



gracious inspiration  
of Thy creation.  
r from God descending,  
unction ever blending—  
living waters flowing,  
love forever glowing.  
l, precious gifts conferring,  
f the Lord, unerring—  
by the Father given,  
of the speech of heaven—  
senses light securing,  
hearts with love enduring;

~~Glory be through life unto~~

To the God who being ge  
To the Son who rose to s  
To the Spirit sanctifying  
Glory be through life un-

*Erastus*

**Alleluia.**

o<sup>r</sup>y of their King  
ransom'd people sing

**Alleluia.**

hoirs that dwell on high  
cho through the sky

**Alleluia.**

ugh the fields of Paradise that roam,  
ed ones, repeat through that bright

**Alleluia.**

Ye floods and ocean billows!  
Ye storms and winter snow!  
Ye days of cloudless beauty!  
Hear frost and summer glow!  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious forests, sing

First let the birds, with painted pl  
Exalt their great Creator's praise,

Then let the beasts of earth with vi

**Earth and continents, repay  
Alleluia.**

**All creation made,  
hymn be duly paid:  
Alleluia.**

**Saint, the eternal strain, the Lord  
angs loves:  
Alleluia.**

**Song, the heav'nly song, that Christ  
approves:  
Alleluia.**

. . . . . , no not

consume;

It is spring there forever; per-

White lilies, blushing crocus,

sweet perfume.

Green the meadows and the co-

brooks with honey flowing

Soft odours from all colours, liq-

bestowing,

Woods of flowery trees, their fr-

ever growing.

No change - - -

tain purged away, from fleshly con-  
'eed,  
spiritual body in one law agreed,  
of that great peace no snares of sin  
l.

all that suffered change, to the  
of their race  
, and with Present Truth standing  
face  
ving Well-spring drink the sweetness

**On what joy to find Thee near  
Oh what bliss to hold Thee here!**

**Fills the heart delight untold,  
Heavenly fellowship I hold;  
Could such joys forever last,  
All too quickly are they past!**

**What so long I asked, I see,  
What I sought I have in Thee;  
And, while joying in Thy love,  
Long the more for Thee above.**

which heavenly — — —  
which dwells in inmost hearts,  
which lightens up the mind,  
we true alone can find;—

hat sweet and holy fire,  
hat ardent, blest desire,  
hat rich refection,  
ng Thee, eternal Son!

som of the Virgin-womb,  
venly light in earthly gloom;  
nbled once, to glory raised,

**there to have its joyous part.**

To the Father gone art Thou,  
Entered Heaven's glory now;  
And my heart is gone from me,  
Bound, O Christ, in love to Thee!

Lord, we follow with our praise—  
Vows, and prayers, and hymns we  
Grant, O Christ, eternally  
There to dwell in light with Thee!

*Bernard of Clairvaux, twelfth ce*

**1 And the strong man arm'd is  
    spoil'd,—**

**his armour, which he trusted,  
By the stronger arm despoil'd.  
Conquish'd is the prince of hell,  
itten by the Cross he fell.**

**en the purest light resplendent  
Shone those seats of darkness through  
hen, to save whom He created,  
God will'd to create anew.**

**that the sinner might not perish,**

**He is slain as he would slay**

**Thus the King all hell hath  
Gloriously and mightily;  
On the first day leaving Had  
Victor He returns on high**

**With Himself mankind uprai  
When He rose from out th  
Thus restoring what creating  
In its origin He gave.**

**By the sufferings of his Make  
To his perfect Paradise**

for weary souls! for brave reward!  
We all in all shall be the Lord.

King! what holy court! what palace of  
peace! what solace! what rejoicing the  
ious dwellers! your own joy reveal,  
In utter all your spirits feel.

O Jerusalem! that state above!  
peace unending is our highest love;  
longing hope cannot true joy forerun;  
perfect happiness and hope are one!

----- as many as 150,

Homeward from Babylon we fondly yearn,  
After long, weary exile, to return.

*Peter Abelard, twelfth century*

*Edward A. Washburn*

**Be sober and keep vigil;**  
**The Judge is at the gate:**  
**The Judge that comes in mercy,**  
**The Judge that comes with might**  
**To terminate the evil,**  
**To diadem the right.**  
**When the just and gentle Monarch**  
**Shall summon from the tomb,**  
**Let man, the guilty, tremble,**  
**For Man, the God, shall doom.**  
**Arise, arise, good Christian,**  
**Let right to wrong succeed;**  
**Let penitential sorrow**

~~whose own it was before,—~~

Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath-day.  
Then, then from his oppressors  
The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
The year of jubilee;  
And the sunlit land that recks  
Of tempest nor of fight,  
Shall fold within its bosom  
Each happy Israelite:

-----, -----,  
Divinest, sweetest, best.  
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—  
    Yes, calm! for storm is past,—  
And goal from finished labour,  
    And anchorage at last.  
That peace—but who may claim it  
    The guileless in their way,  
Who keep the ranks of battle,  
    Who mean the thing they say:  
The peace that is for heaven,  
    And shall be for the earth:  
The palace that re-echoes

There nothing can be w  
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,  
'Tis peaceless peace bel  
Peace, endless, strifeless,  
The halls of Syon know  
O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest  
True vision of true beaut  
Sweet cure of all distr  
Strive, man, to win that  
Toil, man, to gain tha  
Send hope before to gra  
... will soon be lost in sin

en to the last great supper  
The faithful shall come in:  
When the heavenly net is laden  
With fishes many and great;  
Glorious in its fullness,  
Yet so inviolate:  
And perfect from unperfected,  
And fall'n from them that stand,  
And the sheep-flock from the goat-h~~e~~  
Shall part on either hand:  
And these shall pass to torment,  
And those shall triumph then;

-- - - - -

The sacred, ransomed number  
Now bright with endless st  
Who made the Cross their wa  
    Of Jesus Nazarene:  
Who, fed with heavenly necta  
    Where soul-like odours pla  
Draw out the endless leisure  
    Of that long, vernal day:  
And through the sacred lilies,  
    And flowers on every side,  
The happy dear-bought peopl  
    Go wandering far and wide

---

ness of His love,  
s, instead of torment,  
l joys above:  
f torment, glory;  
d of death, that life  
ith your happy country,  
Israelites, is rife.  
ife is here our portion;  
f sorrow, short-liv'd care;  
e that knows no ending,  
tearless life, is there.  
y retribution!

- 1 -oat:

By Sister Water, & my love,

And praised is my Lord  
By Brother Fire,—he who li  
Jocund, robust is he, and st

Praised art Thou, my Lord,  
Thou, who sustainest her ar  
And to her flowers, fruits, I  
give and birth.

And praised is my Lord  
By those who, for Thy love  
And bear the weakness and

And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.  
The miserable pleasures  
Of the body shall decay:  
The bland and flattering struggles  
Of the flesh shall pass away:  
And none shall there be jealous;  
And none shall there contend:  
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I?  
All ill, all ill shall end!  
And there is David's Fountain,  
And life in fullest glow,

Of that eternal hymn:  
O sacred, sweet refection,  
And peace of seraphim!  
O thirst, forever ardent,  
Yet evermore content!  
O true, peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent!  
Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits clair,  
For midst the constellations  
that deck our earthly scenes

thee my unuguo o<sup>r</sup> m<sup>u</sup>—,  
And strive and pant and yearn:  
rusalem the onely,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
thee is all my glory;  
In me is all my woe!  
nd though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
ill flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.  
none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise:  
none can tell thy capitals.

**Thou city of the angels!**  
**Thou city of the Lord!**  
**Whose everlasting music**  
**Is the glorious decachord!**  
**And there the band of prophe**  
**United praise ascribes,**  
**And there the twelvefold chor**  
**Of Israel's ransomed tribes:**  
**The lily-beds of virgins,**  
**The roses' martyr-glow,**  
**The cohort of the Fathers**  
**Who kept the faith below.**

....., -----

On that securest shore,  
hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore!  
ask not for my merit:  
I seek not to deny  
My merit is destruction,  
A child of wrath am I:  
But yet with faith I venture  
And hope upon my way;  
With those perennial guerdons  
I labour night and day.  
The best and dearest Father

-----  
And David's Royal Fountain  
Purge every sin away.  
O mine, my golden Syon!  
O lovelier far than gold!  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold:  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace?  
I have the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless!

only, His forever,  
you shalt be, and thou art!

*Bernard of Cluny, twelfth century.*  
*John Mason Neale, tr.*

**D** Wipe the tear-drops from  
Not at Simon's board thou kneel  
Pouring thy repentant sighs:  
All with thy glad heart rejoices  
All things sing with happy voice  
Hallelujah!

Laugh with rapture, Magdalena!  
Be thy drooping forehead bright  
Banished now is every anguish,  
Breaks anew thy morning light  
Christ from death the world has

—  
Yes, O Magdalena!  
living Master stands;  
He, as ever, smiling;  
Three wounds upon His hands,  
At, His sacred side,—  
Deck the Glorified:  
Hallelujah!

Live, O Magdalena!  
This is thy new-born day;  
Thy bosom pant with pleasure,  
Thy poor terror flee away;  
—  
... sadness.

COME, Holy Spirit, nigh,  
And from the heaven  
Send forth Thy radiance  
Come, Father of the poor,  
Thou giv'st us more and more  
Each heart through Thee

Of all consolers best,  
Refreshment ever blest,  
Sweet inmate of the soul  
Our refuge from the heat,  
Rest to the weary feet,

Bind up our wounds that bleed;  
end Thou the stubborn will,  
he feeble cherish still,  
And help the wanderer's need.

let Thy faithful see,  
ho put their trust in Thee,  
Gifts from Thy sevenfold store;  
eward their labours past  
nd place them safe at last  
In bliss for evermore.

*Thirteenth century*

*D T Morgan tr*

FULL of beauty st  
By the mane  
Where her Little  
For her inmost soul's  
In its fervid jubilatio  
Thrills with ec

O what glad, what r  
Filled that blessed m  
By the Sole-Beg  
How, her heart with  
She beheld the work  
Saw His birth +

With oxen saw His station  
Subjected to cold and woe:  
Her sweetest Offspring's wailing,  
Men Him with worship hailing,  
In the stable, mean and low.

Lying in the manger,  
Only armies sang the Stranger,  
None the great joy bearing part;  
The old man with the maiden,  
And speaking, only laden  
With this wonder in their heart.

--  
impressing  
aved remain:  
eaven descending,  
anger's tending,  
His pain.



.dness bringing,



Virgin, peerless of condition,  
Be not wroth with my petition,  
    Let me clasp thy little Son:  
Let me bear that Child so glorious,  
Him, whose birth, o'er death victorious,  
    Will'd that life for man was won.

Let me, satiate with my pleasure,  
Feel the rapture of thy Treasure  
    Leaping for that joy intense:  
That, inflam'd by such communion,  
Through the marvel of that union  
    I may thrill in every sense.

All that love that stable truly,  
And the shepherds watching duly,  
    Tarry there the live-long night:  
Pray, that by thy Son's dear merit,  
His elected may inherit  
    Their own country's endless light.

*Thirteenth century.*  
*John Mason Neale, tr.*

¶ By the cross  
Hung aloft on Calvary,  
Through her soul, in agony,  
Bowed in grief, in spirit low,  
Pierced the sword in her breast,  
Filled with grief beyond measure,  
Mother—blessed among women,  
Of the God-begotted Son,  
How she sorroweth and weepeth,  
Trembling as she thus stands,  
Dying her unspotted hands,  
Who could there refrain from weeping?  
C.

For the trespass of His nation  
She beheld His laceration,  
By their scourges suffering.  
She beheld her dearest taken,  
Crucified, and God-forsaken,  
Dying by their torturing.

Mother, fountain of affection,  
Let me share thy deep dejection,  
Let me share thy tenderness;  
Let my heart, thy sorrow feeling,  
Love of Christ the Lord revealing,  
Be like thine in holiness!

All His stripes, oh! let me feel them  
On my heart forever seal them,  
Printed there enduringly.

All His woes, beyond comparing,  
For my sake in anguish bearing,  
Let me share them willingly.

By thy side let me be weeping,  
True condolence with Him keeping,  
Weeping all my life with thee.

Virgin, of all virgins fairest,

Let me feel their blows &  
Let me drink the current  
From His wounds wher  
By a heavenly zeal excited  
When the judgment fires  
Then may I be justified  
On the Cross of Christ re  
Through His death redeem  
By His favor fortified;  
When my mortal frame is  
Let my spirit then be che  
And in heaven be glorif

—  
Low  
Whc

The  
An



That He might make us, sinful men,  
Like God, and like Himself again.

In this, our Christmas happiness,  
The Lord with festive hymns we b

The Holy Trinity be praised,  
To God our ceaseless thanks be ra

*Fourteenth century  
Elizabeth R. Cha*

**H** When shall I come to th  
When shall my sorrows have ar  
Thy joyes when shall I see?

O happie harbor of the saints,  
O sweete and pleasant soyle,  
In thee no sorrow may be foun  
Noe greefe, noe care, noe tc

In thee noe sickness may be s  
Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sor  
There is noe death, nor ugly c  
But life for evermore.

Hierusalem! Hierusalem!  
God grant I once may see  
Thy endless joyes, and of the sam  
Partaker aye to bee!

Thy walls are made of pretious st  
Thy bulwarkes diamondes squar  
Thy gates are of right orient pear  
Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles doe shine:

Noe spider's web, noe aurl, noe  
Noe filthe may there be seen.

Ah! my sweete home, Hierusalē  
Woul' God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at aī  
Thy joyes that I might see!

Thy saints are crowned with ḡ  
They see God face to face;  
They triumph still, they still r̄  
Most happy is their case.

But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure, and such play,  
As that to them a thousand years  
Doth seeme as yesterday.

Thy vineyardes and thy orchardes  
Most beautifull and faire,  
Full furnishéd with trees and fruites,  
Exceeding riche and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walles  
Continuallie are greene;

~~What tongue can tell us more~~

The joys that there are found

Quyt through the streetes, with s

The Flood of Life doth flowe;

Upon whose banks, on evrie syd

The Wood of Life doth grow.

The trees for evermore beare f

And evermore doe springe;

There evermore the angels sit,

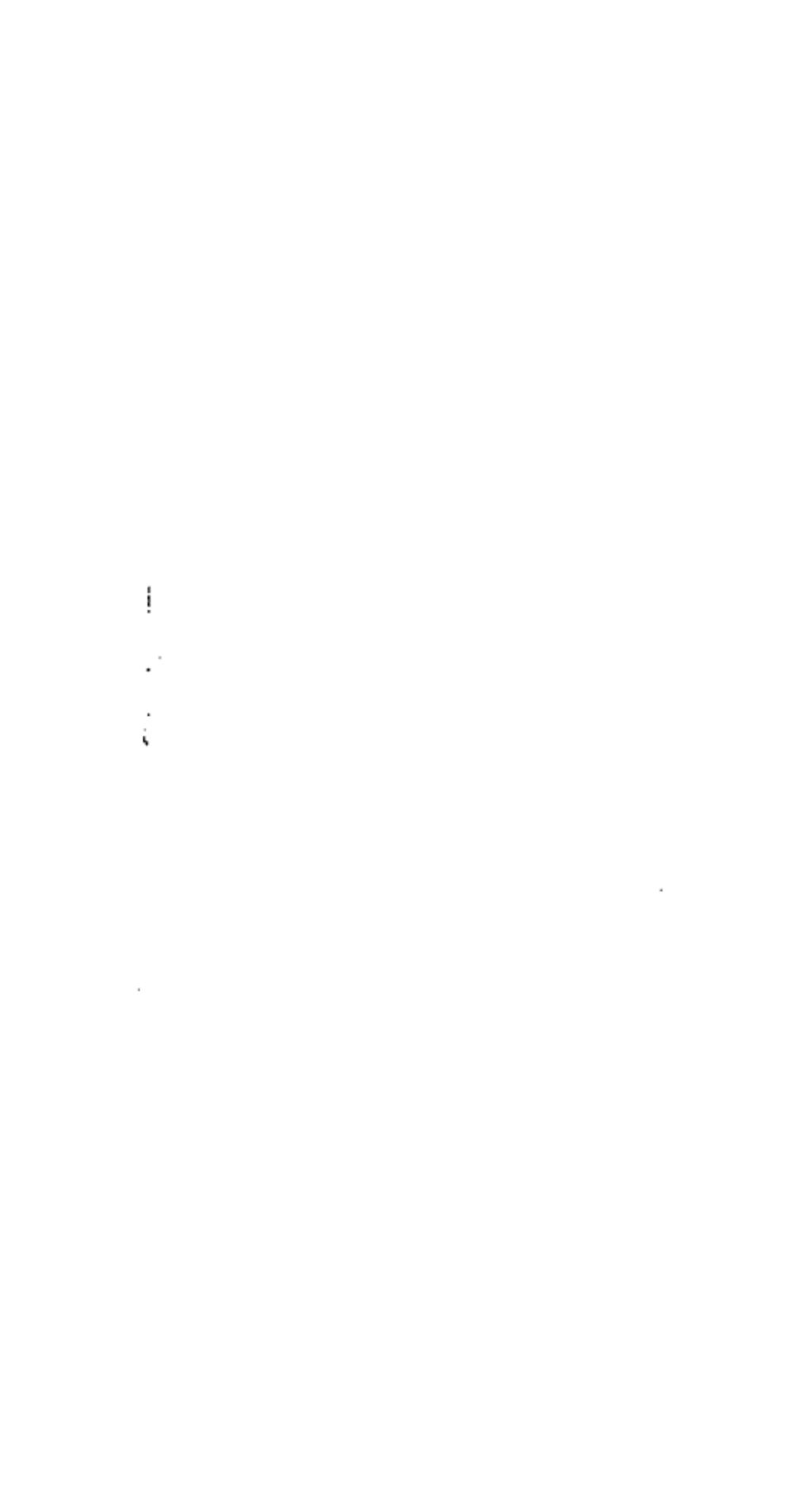
And evermore doe singe.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing  
Saint Austine doth the like;  
Ould Simeon and Zacharie  
Have not their songes to seek

There Magdalene hath left her care  
And cheerfullie doth singe  
With blessed Saints, whose harmes  
In everie street doth ringe.

Hierusalem! my happie home!  
Would God I were in thee!







|



